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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Poetry.

The Springfield Ballad. In the "History of Western Massachu-setts" we find the following account of a

well-known ballad : well-known ballad:

On the 7th of August, 1761, occurred an event which has been celebrated in song. It is doubtful whether any piece of American doggerel has been so fortunate in the term of its perpetuation. It relates to the death of Timothy Merrick, from the bite of a rattlesnake, and has been added to, and molified until the versions of it are numberless. The verses are said to have been written by a young woman to whom the unfortunate The verses are said to have been written by a young woman to whom the unfortunate man was engaged to be married. A gravestone still marks the place where he sleeps, but the ballad, of which the following is an authentic copy, preserved in the family, bids fair to outlast the marble: " On Springfield mountains there did dwell

- A likely youth was known full well Lieutenant Merrick onley son
- A likeley youth near twenty-one
- " One friday morning he did go in to the medow and did mow
- A round or two then he did feal A pisen serpent at his heal.
- " When he received his deadly wound he dropt his sythe upon the ground And strate for home wase his intent
- Calling aloude still as he went. " the all around his voys was hered but none of his friends to him spierd they thought it wase some workmen called
- and there poor Timothy must fall. " So soon his Carfull father went to scak his son with discontent and there his fond only son he found
- ded as a stone a pon the ground. " And there he lay down spose to rest withe both his hands Acrost his brest his mouth and eyes closed fast And there poor man slept his last,
- " his father viend- lds track with greats

Where he had ran across the corn unevin tracks where he did go did appear to stagger two and frow

" The seventh of August sixty-one this fatull axidiat was done Let this a warning be to all to be prepared when god does call."

Miscellany.

The Two Pictures.

Battle of Inkerman ! As the day came up, struggling with the gloom of clouds, the vanguard had given alarm of that onslaught, which be-fore the day was done should make In-kerman second only to Waterloo.— Through the foggy, drizzly dark, had burst the blast of bugles, and drums and fifes, and rattling musketry; and the transition from sleep to battle had been s transient interval of consternation ; not the consternation of cowardice, however, but of sudden surprise.

To arms! To the summoning martial music-drums, whose hurried roll, and fifes, whose thrilling shrick make the blood beat and surge in the veins-to the glorious martial music, man after man, column after column, company after company, they wheel into array. Swift-ly and mightily, as though hurled by the power of thunder, horse and plumed rider sweep over the field and along the line, bearing the hearse, loud command; and quick as thought there follow charges, evolutions, and sublime preparations for blood.

Oh! the battle of Ingerman and have been a spleudid right to see in a broad field and a bright son. But the nature of the ground and the darkness of the day rendered it impossible to take in more than a small scene of the grand and terrible drama at one view. Many Oh! the battle of Inkerman would obscure and solitary places, that left no record but death. If you found, in some gloomy glee, a flush harvest of carnage, corpses lying thick as sheaves after the sickles, you knew there had been great ablavements there. achievements there is but they will not illumine the pages of history; for their memory sleeps in the burial trenches with those who died enacting them.

Thirst of glory, such as is slaked by blood, had lured young Cecil Gray from his happy home in Old England, to the

oamp and the field. He was an omcer in the Fifth Dragoons: and as we have the field. He wes an officer an interest in him now, let us watch the performance of the Fifth on that day of

Is it not they on the height? Let us get nearer them, for this dismal day is so like twilight that we cannot distinguish the figure on their buttons. Yes, it is 5. What noble fellows! How proudly they sit on their horses ! With what an air of impatisnee they lean for-ward as the battle's din increases! How

their postrile dilate with the dolay of opportunity! Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do

you see yonder at the right, that tall, no-ble young officer who is gazing, with looks of unspeakable tenderness, upon a locket miniature which he has just drawn from his bosom. That is he, and the minature is of—the name would cheke his u'terance if he attempted to speak it; for he is thinking of the time -not many months ago, but oh, how long!-when the original of that picture solded on his breast and clung to him with love's desperation, kissing with most passioned kisses, and pleading with him

His lip quivers; he brushes his hand across his eyes; he closes the locket and replaces it in his bosom. If he were not sgenizingly prayed for with every breath, of whom he is now thinking, we would say, O God! let him not sink on the battle field to day!

The Fifth had lost most of their infan-

try in the beginning of the battle, for the Turkish foot, their main support, had fled at the first onset, and there remained to them now only a small divis-ion of Highlanders, a number quite insufficient to sustain them. Yet, as the carnons thundered and the muskets hailed the death around, felt it lke a sham, to sit there idle while their comrades were winning glory, and every me ment they grew more eager, even with-out the support of infantry, for an occa-

Hark the tramp of eavalry. Every rein is tightened, and every horseman's breath is quelled with expectation. Up they come at a fierer gallop as though they meant to sweep the leight at a sin-gle past. It is the Muscovites! Their heavy, rushing billows of borse dash full upon the Highlanders, and are shocked back by the shore of bayonets. They rally, and advance again, more slowly

and determinedly.

Then the bugles of the Fifth sound; and the fiery horses are wheeled into order for the onset.

Look at Cecil Gray ! he has forgotten the miniature; he has forgotten the original; he has forgotten the little cottage by the Thomes, where she is singing prayers to Heaven for him new: he thinks only of glory. H's breast heaves and pants, and his hand clutches his bilt, waiting for the next signal-twang.

Another blast of the Lugles and the

whole Fifth instantly bristling all ever with swords, like a single being, spring into the pas de charge. In a thunder-ing hurricane of battle, they swoop right down on the advancing for with the speed of the wind God of heaven! what a spectacle! With what a sublime ly terrific shock the two hostile masses of men and horses crash together. Sword clarge on sword; horse and rider sick; the sea of combat surges over

The Fifth cut the fee through and through; and when their ingles sound the rally they disregard the signal, de-termined to fight till they clear the field or die. Horse against horse, with onset. and repulse, Saxon and Cossack, they cleave one mother down, swaying to and

fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Ceeil Gray? Yerder is his plume. Watch it. It tosses above the thick of the fight, as if it were alive with glory. There, it loses itself in the smoke of pistols It emerges. We lose sight of it again. Yonder once more it flies along the field, like some splendid bird of prey, that kills its quarry, but stops not to devour. Swords leap up above and around it; other plumes nod and sink around it; riderless horses whirl away from it, and roll down, and surge, and struggle, and die in the overduring billows of battle. But that plume, and the sword which goes with it. cease not for an instant in the sublime

The wounded French Chasseur who reclines on his elbow here nigh us, watching that theme, forgets his tain and ejaculates, " C'est superbe!" And

it is superb; it is glorious But now that plume is the dreadful centre of a vortex of foes which dashes upon it, as upon a lone sail the foam-capped whirlpool in the sea. Other plumes fly to the rescue. Sabres flash up thick and fast, and chop down into flery brains, and cross and thrust, and stab, and mix in a horrible turmoil of eroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a shuddering sickness and faintness, and when we open them on the scene again the Russians are in total rout and the gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and hurrah! But the plume of Cecil Gray? It is gone! The prayers which have kept going up to heaven from the cottage by the Thames have not been answered. That plume bowed to death and went down while we were shutting

How gloriously he died! On the field they found him the evening of that day, with a monument of slaughtered heroes piled up to his glory. And as his surviving comrades spaded him a grave and wrapped his cloak around him, and laid him to his rest, they talked snimatingly of his heroism, and then they spoke falteringly of one who-

"No more of that, my comrade !" said he who had been his bosom friend, in choking voice. There!" he had taken the locket from the neck of the dead, clipped with his sword a lock from the here's hair and shut it over the minia-ture, "that shall be her tidings! -- and may-God-pity and comfort her !"

The big blinding tears streamed down those stern men's check; they filled up the grave, breathing hard with the rush of bome's dear emotions, but speaking not another word.

A cottage by the Thames. Jukerman has been fought, and the

news has gone through England. In that cottage Minnie Gray sits sobbing and wailing for what she knows possible, and yet hopes impossible. Weep, Mined relief of tears may be denied thee. " Willie, go to town, and -and-Go !

-Willie brings back nothing but the newspaper, filled with " LATEST FROM THE CRIMEA."

She seizes the paper and gropes, tearblinded, through the long columns. But she finds nothing, only that so many were killed and so many wounded, and the names of a few great officers that were slain. The throbbing blood almost bursts from her veins, and her eyes grow dry, as she reads a printed letter from one of the Fifth Dragoons. But it says nothing of Coril, only that the Fifth Dragoous had been in glorious peril!
"Oh! my God! how can I bear this

agony of suspense !" Willie tried to soothe her; but she

could hear nothing but the soul-stun-ning thunder of battle, see nothing through her tears but the charges of the Fifth Dragoons! "Go to the town, Willie, and come

not back till you have brought some word from him!" The boy went sorrowfully Minnie Gray watched the clock and the road to the town all day and all night, and all

next day till the sun went down. Willie was coming! The sight of him made her dizzy and faint. How did he walk? Were there tidings in his steps? Yes! life or death! He came hurriedly, while he seemed to reel under the weight of his heart. It must be death! Now, God of mercy! the helping hand! She staggers out to

eet him, and gasps:
"Any word, Willie?"

She holds her breathard stares wildy at him, as he draws forth the locket, He places it quickly in her clutching hand and turns his free away. She unclasps it shudderingly and the lock of hair springs out and curls round her finger! A smothered quivering cry, a stifled, choking wail of agony that crush-ed the life out, and Minnie Gray fell in-

to her brother Willie's arms. In the little village churchyard there is now a new made grave, and over it a marble slab, bearing this inscription :

CECIL AND MINNIE GRAY, Whom Peace Married Whom War Wedded IN DEATH.

Chased by a Catamount.

A SURNE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER. I was once told a thrilling adventure of one of the settlers in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have emhadied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning. I fell in with that often described personage. 4 the oldest inhabitant " He kindly accosted me, and I entered gladly into conversa-

"Young man." said he, "when I first visited this town there were only three families in it. You, who live in case, can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earlier act-Come with me," he continued. " and I will show you the exact spot where the first but ever erected in this town was located." I followed slowly until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill

"There," said he, "on this spot was creeted the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story

What is it?" I asked.

"I will tell you. When the first setlived twenty miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut himself, so that in case of want or sickness he might get assistance. One spring. I think it was the was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He stose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think miles for a bag of potatoes, on foot too tler. He arrived before noon, was sucpersful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshment and started home. was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and finally, at sundown, he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just on the other side of the stream on which are mills, in the village now known as Pinhook in Wood-stock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his sack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man, you little know with what a relish a man cats his food in the woods, but, as I was saying, he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill that he knew at once that it was a catamount I will relate it to you as I can, in the language of the old settler himself. "I listened a moment," said he, " and

it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? I was at least ten miles from my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. In a moment I concluded to start for home. for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the in the camp. I knew, too, that he would

ransack the camp, and I bound that the meat which I left might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it. I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrick of the animal, that he was in sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the animal should have my supper, although I declared I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there would be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount, doubly ferious probably, from being hungry, and nothing for a

weapon save a pocket knife.

I had proceeded, probably about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of the fearful enemy, began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind about two pounds of raw beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the ferocious monater. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run. no more, and was looking back astonish-ed, almost, at the distance I had travelled in so short a space of time. I was e-lectrified with horror to hear the animal

shrick again! "I then knew that my fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp and eaten what he could find, and then had scented my track, and had followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed, but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward; though to be torn to pieces, and almost cates alive by a wild heast was horrible.

" I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the animal should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of the time he

would lose in tearing it to pieces.

"Another shrick, and I tosted the garment belind me in the path. Not more than five minutes clapsed before I heard a shrill ery as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded that suries electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the ani-mal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only exas-perated him in a fiercer chase.

"O. God," said I, "and must I die thus? I can't like the state of t

thus? I can't, I must live for my wife and children," and I even ran faster than I had done before and unbuttening my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to the most desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprotected state, than the death I was threatened with, for, should I die, what would become of them?

"In a moment, the whole events of my life crowded to my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with a torrent's force. The catamount shricked louder and louder, and fast as I was running, he was rapidly approaching me. At last I came to the brook, which you see vander, and it was double the size which it now is, for it was swollen by refevered brain in it; but I knew it would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the heast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin, which was no more than one hundred rods distant.

"I had proceeded but a short distance before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another shriek, as though he was afraid he would lose his prey. same instant I yelled at the top of my voice to my wife, and in a moment I saw her approach the door with a lighted

"With what vividness the moment comes to my mind! The catemount was not so far from me as I was from the house I dropped my kat the only thing that I could leave to stay the progress of the heast. The next moent I fell powerless in my own cabin Here the old settler paused and wiped

the big drops from his brow ere he pro-How long I laid when I fell, I know not, but when I was roused to conscious ness. I was lying on my rude couch and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anziously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it. for what she knew not: and that as soon as I was fal-len and the door was closed, a fearful spring was made upon it; but the door was strong and well barred, and with-

stood the spring of the beast.

"As soon as I was fully discovered, I knelt down and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever passed my lips or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired, but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, then my little son, six years old, told m that he saw the eyes of the colt in the window in the right, I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you well per-ceive, are not large enough to permit a

"When I looked into the glass the next morning. I was horror struck at my al-tered appearance. My hair, which the day before was dark as midnight, was changed to the snowy wilderness you n see; and although I have enjoyed good health since. I shall never recover from the fright I experienced on being shased

Two foreign sailors, examining the cupola of Boston State House, one of them remarked to the other, 'Arrah, my honey, this is the first time I ever saw them copper bottom the top of a

From the Philadelphia New Church Herald. Dr. Tyng and Dr. Cumming on the Second Coming.

THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD .-It may sound strange to some of our readers to be reminded that some of the most eminent Dectors of the Old Dispensation are still maintaining that the day of the Lord's literal personal appearance is rapidly approaching. We see it men-tioned that Dr. Comming, an eloquent Scotch preaction, and a popular theological writer, has published a work on the "Signs of the Times," in which he affiliates very closely with the views of

His theory is that Christ will come in 1864—that the advent will be what is termed pre-millennial, or, in other words, that Christ will come before the millennian, and the millennial glories will consist of Christ's personal reign on earth for a thousand years—that the Jews will be literally gathered to Jeru salem to be converted—that the Mosiem power is about to expire, not by destruc-tion of the Turks, but by their conver-sion and absorption into the Church— that Popery will be destroyed by Christ's coming, and not before it.

Strange as their visionary phantosies may sound to one whose mind has been even in the least degree opened to the reception of the rational light of the New Dispensation, yet such nomina are still extensively promulgated through still extensively promulgated through the palpit and the press, and not simply by the "deluded Millerites," but by men who are highly exteemed for their learning and eloquence. Dr. Tyng, formerly of this city, now of New York, has, within the last few years, publicly and carnestly advocated a doctrine iden-tical in the last few years. tical in its main features with the one

Several of the Episcopal bishops hold and teach the same doctrine.

A GALLANT PORTRAIT -A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American draws the following portrait of the French Empress, as seen on her visit to As for Eugenie, she has been the

theme of all tongues, each outclamoring the other in her praise. Such beauty, to begin with, has never been seen; at least so it is said, and the saying doesn't exceed the truth as it is in the sayers. is a beauty that combines all styles, and excels in each. It unites the roman-tic gravity of the Moresque Spaniard with the siry piquancy of the Parisian; the reserve of the British belle with the abandon of the Continental Southern. Her complexion is at once blonde and olive, and comprises the charms of both. The expression of her face is at once winning and commanding, confiding and dignified. Her stature and figure are all that could be wished in a weman or desired in a monarch; and each dress she has appeared in public in seems exactly the one of all others that she should never appear out of, if the specia-tor at the moment had his way. More-over, she is just at the precise age when the several graces of the sex seem to blend into perfection, and when the di-minution or addition, almost of an hour, would imply a forfeiture of some one attribute essential to the completion of the real and the ideal, the poetical and the practical, before you. The lady a-mongst us who bears the nearest reservblance to her is the Duchess of Wellingthe latter was a !ittle younger, and Landseer's likeness, in the "Visit to Wateroo," was a faithful portrait of the then Marchioness of Douro. There is the same comminglement of the half Orien-tal, half Scandinavian aspect; the large open antelope eye, with the full droopng fringe, at once heightening and miti gating its lustre; the same small round ed limbs and majestic presence; and the same pensiveness in the mid-t of animation, perhaps arising from the same the childlessness of an otherwise enviable union. This probably is but a passing sorrow with the Empress; for report runs that the stag-hunt at Slough, on Tuesday, was not joined by the Imperial lady lest equestrianism for reasons known in all well regulated families, should be detrimental probable prolongation of the line of the ew Sesostris, who, born no king, made

monarchs draw his ear." THE ATTRACTION OF RED HAIR. - In ncient times, says an exchange paper, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized and the most skilful in the arts, were passionately fund of red hair The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though the color is now in disre-pute by their descendants, who like black hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of wc-Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Topoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermillion The woman of Seinde and Decean are fond of dyeing their hair red and yellow, as the Romans did, in imitation of Ger man hair. There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair , but in Spain, red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxu-riated in fiery looks, being idelized and caressed in consequence by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect

A DUEL IN THE DARK .- A late California paper mentions a duel which was fought between a Yankee and an Englishman in a dark room. The Yankee not wishing to have blood on his hands, fired his pistel up the chimney, and to his horror, down came the

"Put none but Americans on Guard."

The above quotation from Washington has given the enemies of the American Cause a good deal of trouble, and as the cheapest way of getting along with it they have set up a denial of its

authenticity,
A correspondent of the Boston Trans script refers to this matter, and furnish-

cs the following explanation of the origin of the phrase. It belongs to Gen. Washington, and to no one else:

In 1844 Gen. II A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury, transmitted to Gen. Peter S. Smith, of Philadelphia, a copy of a manuscript in his possession relating to this matter, and the same was published in the Daily Eogle, Gen. Smith's paper. It reads as follows, and it is no doubt correct, that such an order was promulgated by Washington while at Cam-bridge.

CAMBBIDGE HEAD QUARTURS.)

July 17th, 1775. \$

General Order: The General has great reason to be displeased with the negligence and inattention of the guard who have been placed as sentinels, on the outposts-men whose characters he is not acquainted with. He therefore orders that for the future none nur NA-TIVES OF THIS COUNTRY be placed on guard as sentinels, on the outposts, This order to be considered a standing one, and the officers to pay obedience to it on their part

[Signed] Adj't of the day. Countersigned Exeter, ? Pay Roll, Dorchester.

NOTS FOR THE KNOW NOTHINGS .- I is evident from the writings of Jefferson, that had "Sam" been about in the days of this great statesman, their intimac would have been close; at least such is the inference we draw from the followpetition of the citizens of Albemarle. Amherst, Fluvanna and Goochland counties, Virginia, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson in 1797, as appears by his writ-ings, just published. By this it will ap-pear that the author was of opinion that none but native-born citizens of the U-nited States should be eligible as jurous in "grand or petty, civil or criminal"

"And your petitioners farther submit to the wisdom of the two Houses of Assembly, whether the safety of the citizens of this Commonwealth, in their persons, their property, their laws and government, does not require that the capacity to act, in the important office of a juror, grand or petty, civil or criminal, should be restrained in future to native citizens of the United States, or such as were citizens at the date of the treaty of peace which closed our revolutionary war, and whether the ignorance of our laws and natural partiality to the countries of their birth, are not reasonable causes for declaring this to be one of the rights incommunicable in future to adoptive citizens -Jefferson's Writings, Vol. IX. p. 453.

But the next extract, which is taken from "an act establishing elementary schools," also drawn by Jefferson, is still more to the point. By this he would limit a citizenship to those who could

"read readily."
"And it is declared and enacted that no person unborn, or under the age of twelve years at the passage of this net, and also who is compos mentis, shall, af. | a friend, of your love for some one ter the age of fifteen years, he a citizen you fear will not love in return; it of this Commonwealth, unless he or she will take, it is true, no measure or can read readily in some tongue, native or sequired." - Writings, Vol. IX, p.

What value the endorsement of Jefferson gives to the doctrine of the Know Nothings is a question which we will not discuss, but will leave that to our Democratic friends, who are more interested in the matter .- Providence Journal,

GIGANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE

The recent completion of the telegraph from Lordon to the Crimea may be considered as one of the wonders of the age The short time taken to lay down the wires is another triumph of the skill and energy which characterizes the movements of the day. This great line of telegraph is about 2400 miles in length, passing entirely across the European continent, over an arm of the sea conthree hundred miles across the Black Sea to Balaklava. This experiment will test the feasibility of laying down a sub-marine cable along the bottom of the Atlantic, an idea long entertained, and for the accomplishment of which we believe a company has already been formed. Should the shoal, of which New foundland is a portion, extend across, or nearly so, to the shores of Europe, there seems no difficulty in the way of accomplishing this great work. A great de pression or cavity, five or six miles in depth, such as is known to exist in the Atlantic a few degrees further South, might prove an insurmountable impedi-ment; in which case it will be necessary to carry the wires to Greenland, and thence across by the Orkney and Shet-land Islands to Scotland. We believe these efforts will be crowned with success, and within three years we shall get news from London, Paris, Constantinople, and, indeed from all parts of Europe, within a few hours of its occurrence.-

Prince Menschikoff, whose nam has figured so often of late in certain obituaries, has received, at Perekop, a letter from Alexander II., condoling with him in his personal affliction, adding munificently to his estate, and expressing the wishes of the Czar that he may soon be able again to sid the the State with his great abilities and

COLONEL KINNEY .- The Chicago Journal gives a biography of the life of this noted adventurer, from which we learn that he was born and educated in Pennsylvania. In early manhood his roving disposition led him to Texas, and he became one of the pioneers in the colonization of that State. He was first known to the public as an carnest advocate of the annexation of Texas to our country. He afterwards contracted for the excavation of the canal basin at La Salle, and at a later period established a sort of smuggling contraband trading post for supplying the northern States of Mexico with goods. This post was so strongly garrisoned and armed that it defied the public authorities of the country for a considerable time, but it was at length betrayed & captured by a Mexican guerilla party. When the Mexi-can-war commenced, Colonel Kinney owned a large tract of land in New Mexico, obtained by grant from the Mexican government, and it is said that the plains actually swarmed with cattle and pack mules, belonging to him, which he sold at high prices for the use of the American army. Now, tired of his speculations on the American frontier, he wishes to extend his operations still further, even to the comparatively new and distant country of Nicaragua.

APPEARANCES .- Upon the subject of dress and appearances the N.Y.

Times thus remarks: " A coat that has the marks of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on the ladies indicates to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or hus-band cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is a sign that she has fair expectations and a husband that can shew a balance in his favor .- For women are like books -too much gilding makes men suspi-cious that the binding is the most important point."

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY .- A child's eves! those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how carnest, in joy how spark-ling, in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of religion, of your grief for the loss of will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of thought ; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour .-Hon. Mrs. Norton.

INTENSE HEAT IN AUSTRALIA .-Messrs. Joseph Stilling & Co., of Adelaide, South Australia, in their circular for the overland mail, say-During the last seven days the continuance of hot weather has been unparalleled since the establishment of this colony : in this period the thermometer has constantly ranged night and day, in the shade, from 80 to 120 degrees, according to situation ; and from 120 to 150 degrees in the sun. Many cases of sun-stroke have occured in the peighborhood, death being the result in some instances. Apples are also being exhibited as having been roasted on the trees from the fierce rays of the sun, as perfectly as though they had been in a furnace.

Jane Eyre, it will be remembered. was published anonymously, and the utmost curiosity prevailed to discover the real author. Of course the most absurd guesses were made. The story, however, that gained most ground and was most engerly listened to and repeated, was, that the work was the production of a lady fermerly governess n the family of Mr. Thackeray, who, having been portrayed by the satirist as Becky in "Vanity Fair," took her revenge by also writing a book, in which her detractor was represented as "Mr. Rochester." The to Mr. Thackeray, and one or two other circumstances, gave some color to the story; but the London Weekly Chronicle says: "We can positively state, that the lady and gentleman never met,or had the slightest acquaintance, until long after both of their respective stories had been published."